



Oliver



108 2 9

Chapter 1 by clearskyy

I am a cat, not only am I cat but I am a female cat. I take great pride in my luscious orange fur and the elegance in which I use to parade around my homestead. My radiance should marvel any visitor who is lucky enough to grace my doorstep. My hunting skills are top notch and I always make sure to eat my fill and nothing more, I am no glutton. I am of course a lady of great pride and grace, I repeat myself to make this point clear.

There is only one problem.

My name is Oliver. Not only is it a dull/boring name but it is one of male descent! The insult to be given this name knows no bounds! How am I to be taken seriously as a lady of class with such a callous name such as Oliver. It couldn't have been Olivia or Dutchess or Asante?

It is no matter, I strive to be a star. It is a shame that I be locked away in this house when the whole world should know of my brilliance. Soon I will find my way to the outside world where I will carve my own path. I will shake myself of this wretched past and this name which has brought me nothing but shame among my peers. I shall become reborn and there isn't a single thing my owners can do about it. I have been practicing my climbing skills among the drapes

(there is no wall I am unable to scale!)

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My claws are about as sharp as a knife and I shall take the first opportunity and I shall flee this prison once

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Chapter 2 by BlueDragons



I've been trying to scratch the 'r' off my new name tag. Olive would be much better than Oliver. After a near fatal graze to my jugular I decided to enlist some help. There's a neighboring calico, a bit of a slob but not half as bad as some of the ruffians I've seen.

I bid her good morning. At the sight of me she slipped off the shed she'd been perching on. I climbed over the fence to inspect the damage. She'd flailed on her side in the grass. What kind of cat can't even land on her feet?

I was considering leaving her. I didn't want a creature as clumsy as that anywhere near my neck. But I didn't have much of a choice.

When she was back on her feet I explained the dilemma, and pointed to her claws to clarify my point. They were sharp, but not as well kept as mine.

She nodded as if she understood. After a minute of tugging I was certain she was trying to strangle me. Perhaps she held a grudge because I'd spooked her. I didn't even have the breath to form words but that probably wouldn't have done much good. She wasn't very communicative.

My airways filled with air and my neck moved with ease. The blasted mongrel had cut through my collar.

What would my owners say? She'd sabotaged me. She was obviously jealous of my flawless ginger mane. Her splotchy fur paled in comparison to my beauty.

I hissed at her. "I wanted to scratch a letter out. Not cut through the bloody thing, damn it!"

She stepped back tentatively and then darted into the bushes. I turned to a little pond to drink. My steps were lighter and more nimble. The cat I saw in the pond was magnificent. Unburdened by the choking device she was fiercer than ever.

The calico cat set me free.

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Chapter 3 by Kelly

I didn't know what I would find there and get myself some actual food instead of the kibble I have to eat. Or maybe I would find out where dogs come

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from. Either way, there was so much I could do and a whole lot of time.

I decided to go to the park and see what other animals did outside. But when I got there the sign clearly stated "Dog Park." (I taught myself to read after stumbling upon a dictionary sitting in the attic.)

I tried going in anyways, but a middle-age man saw me and dragged me out.

"You don't want to go in there," he said in a baby voice. "The dogs won't be very nice. You should go to a different park," and with that he closed the gate, almost catching my muzzle. I decided then and there that I don't like dogs or humans. They are both loud and big and useless anyways.

I was rethinking the whole "humans are useless" thing two hours later, when I started to hear my stomach growl. I started hunting down some mice until I realized that catching a real mouse isn't like catching a toy. These mice scratch, and run fast, and hide in their holes which are too small for you to fit.

Suddenly, I smelled something delicious. I followed the scent until I arrived at a pizza parlor. I tried to go inside but a customer saw me and quickly closed the door behind her. Discouraged, I found myself heading towards the dumpster, and inside there was treasure! Some pizza crusts, a few fries that had a little dirt on them, even a zeppoli! Food I could never have at home but always dreamed about.

I stuffed myself and was about to fall asleep when a man in a dark blue suit and holding a net picked me up by the scruff of my fur and took me to his van.

"Oh Oliver, your owners are going to be so happy now that you are home!"

And with that he drove away, with me inside, back to my old home.

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